

# GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON'S

Famous Novel

# GRAUSTARK

IN SIX MIGHTY REELS

Featuring

Francis X. Bushman

Monday, Aug. 16th

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For eight years Dr. W. J. McCrary, a graduate practicing physician, has had the most remarkable success in curing Pellagra and Hook Worm diseases in his practicing territory in Northern Alabama, and now these wonderful Remedies are being offered to sufferers over the entire South. Cures have been effected in the very worst stages of Pellagra and Hook Worm by Dr. McCrary's Remedies, and the cure is permanent—not a temporary relief. Patients bed-ridden and out of mind treated seven and eight years ago for Pellagra were cured in a few weeks, and are in fine health today. Hundreds of testimonials are gladly given by these patients of Dr. McCrary.

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SNYDER, TEXAS

## 5,000 EXPECTED

The W. O. W. Picnic and Barbecue to be held at Girard on Friday and Saturday August 20-21, will be one of the most largely attended and successful occasions of this kind occurring in the West this year. The occasion is being extensively advertised throughout the country, and arrangements to entertain 5,000 visitors are being made. The Farmers Union will co-operate in the program for the two days. Camping grounds and water, etc., for campers, and plenty of water, shade, seats, and other conveniences free to everybody. Don't forget the date - Aug. 20-21, and begin now to arrange to come. Attractions wanted and privilege concessions granted. For further information, address,

M. A. DARDEN, Girard, Texas

## WHY IS WOMAN RESTLESS?

DESTINY OF NATIONS DEPENDS  
UPON CONTENTED HOMES.

By W. D. Lewis.

President Texas Farmers' Union.

Why is woman dissatisfied? Why does she grow restless under the crown of womanhood? Why is she weary of the God-given jewel of motherhood? Is it not a sufficient political achievement for woman that future rulers nurse at her breast, laugh in her arms and kneel at her feet? Can ambition leap to more glorious heights than to sing ballads to the world's greatest geniuses, chant melodies to master minds and rock the cradle of human destiny?

God pity our country when the hand-shake of the politician is more gratifying to woman's heart than the patter of children's feet.

Woman is Ruler Over All.

Why does woman chafe under restraint of sex? Why revile the hand of nature? Why discard the skirts that civilization has clung to since the beginning of time? Why lay aside this hallowed garment that has wiped the tears of sorrow from the face of childhood? In its sacred embrace every generation has hidden its face in shame; clinging to its motherly folds, tottering children have learned to play hide and seek and from its youth learned to reverence and respect womanhood. Can man think of his mother without this consecrated garment?

Why this inordinate thirst for power? Is not woman all powerful? Man cannot enter this world without her consent, he cannot remain in peace without her blessing and unless she sheds tears of regret over his departure, he has lived in vain. Why this longing for civic power when God has made her ruler over all? Why crave authority when man bows down and worships her? Man has given woman his heart, his name and his money. What more does she want?

Can man find it in his heart to look with pride upon the statement that his honorable mother-in-law was one of the most powerful political bosses in the country, that his distinguished grandmother was one of the ablest filibusters in the Senate or that his mother was a noted warrior and her name a terror to the enemy? Whither are we drifting and where will we land?

God Save Us From a Hen-Pecked Nation.

I follow the plow for a living and my views may have in them the smell of the soil; my hair is turning white under the frost of many winters and perhaps I am a little old-fashioned, but I believe there is more moral influence in the dress of woman than in all the statute books of the land. As an agency for morality, I wouldn't give my good old mother's homemade gowns for all the suffragette's constitutions and by-laws in the world.

As a power for purifying society, I wouldn't give one prayer of my saintly mother for all the women's votes in Christendom. As an agency for good government, I wouldn't give the plea of a mother's heart for righteousness for all the omphs of office in the land.

There is more power in the smile of woman than in an act of congress. There are greater possibilities for good government in her family of laughing children than in the cabinet of the president of the United States.

The destiny of this nation lies in the home and not in the legislative halls. The heartiness and the family life will ever remain the source of our inspiration and the Acts of the Apostles will ever shine brighter than the acts of Congress.

This country is law-mad. Why add to a statute book, already groaning under its own weight, the hysterical cry of woman? If we never had a chance to vote again in a lifetime and did not pass another law in twenty-five years, we could survive the ordeal, but without home, civilization would wither and die.

God save these United States from becoming a hen-pecked nation; help us keep snakes out of Congress and forbid that women become step-fathers to government in the prayer of the farmers of this country.

—Reporter

### A DIVINE COVENANT.

God Almighty gave Eve to Adam with the pledge that she would be his helpmeet and with this order of companionship, civilization has towered to its greatest heights. In this relationship, God has blessed woman and man has honored her and after four thousand years of progress, she now proposes to provoke God to decay laws by asking for suffrage, thereby by amending an agreement to which she was not a party.

Woman remember that the Israelites scorned a divine covenant, and as a result wandered forty years in the wilderness without God. Likewise man should remember that it is a dangerous thing to debate woman by law. Rome tried lowering woman's standard and an outraged civilization tore the clothes off the backs of the human race and turned them out to roam in the world naked and ashamed.

## COMING ATTRACTION!



Judge Quentin D. Corley.

Will deliver his interesting and illustrated lecture "Overcoming Difficulties" in Snyder Friday night, August 26, beneath the local Boy Scouts. The Dallas News says: "Judge Corley's one of the best."

"IT'S A LIE," Shouts MacDonag. Just Before Court Sentences Him to Life Imprisonment.

Court Room Crowded with Morbidly Curious—Mak's Testimony Big Blow to Defense.

Justice was swiftly meted out to Ian MacDonag, the man who was arrested in connection with the murder of Miss Ella Ashleigh, the English heiress, and he was found guilty of murder in the second degree last evening and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The court room was crowded with the curious who had waited for an hour or two out in the main hall of the court-house, anxious to get a glimpse of the butler who had shot down the girl in the home of her rich uncle while examining her jewels. The police had their hands full in trying to keep the crowd in order, and as soon as the doors were opened the morbidly curious spectators rushed into the court-room and in a few moments every seat was occupied.

As MacDonag entered, in custody of an officer, he shot a quick glance around the room. Then, when his gaze fell upon Leona, the dead girl's maid, his face became untraced in hatred and he muttered something half to himself as he shuffled over slowly for a few moments. The girl, who was seated by the side of the detective who has been working on the case, met his gaze fully and showed no outward signs of nervousness.

After the jury, which had been selected yesterday had arrived and taken their seats in the jury box, the prosecution arose and stated in the court that the issue had made a full confession to the expert criminologist (he and himself) that she was proven guilty and was under the protection of the prosecutor's office.

The maid gave her testimony in a clear, steady voice which could be heard all over the court-room.

The Maid's Story.

"The trouble all started," she said, "when Ian MacDonag was accused of the killing of the heiress. I never liked his looks from the first, but I believed he was there in some other capacity than butler. I was convinced of this soon afterwards when, one evening as my mistress was dressing for dinner, I saw his face appear through the curtains as he watched her putting her pearl necklace around her neck."

"I did not say anything at the time, and he managed to get out of sight before my mistress saw him. But this same thing occurred two or three times afterwards, and then finally one day he met me outside and made a proposition to me, whereby if I would assist him in getting these jewels, he would share the money derived from them with me. At first I refused. But he kept dogging me day in and day out, threatening to kill me if I did not fall in with his plans. Finally, fearing for my life, I agreed not to interfere with his plans, and if he were caught in the act not to prevent him, in any way, from getting the jewels."

Finally he heard that Miss Ella was going out to attend a dinner on this particular evening, and that afternoon he came to me and said I was not to leave the window in my room open that night and no matter what took place I was not to interfere. I tried to do everything within my power to prevent my mistress

from dressing in that room that night. I made all sorts of excuses and told her the plumber was expected most any moment to fix the pipe, which I had myself broken that afternoon in my effort to keep her from dressing in that room that night. But, she only smiled and said that the room was warm enough for her. And so, when I had exhausted every excuse I could offer, I knew the only thing I could do would be to await developments.

"Well, it did happen. That night my mistress was all dressed for dinner and I opened the small safe in the side of the wall, where she kept her jewels, and handed them to her. She stood examining them for a moment and then started to fasten them about her neck when a hand, holding a revolver, was pushed in through the curtains. In a flash she was shot and died, and then another. The body fell very close to the window and as soon as it reached the floor an arm extended and grabbed the necklace from my mistress's hands. Then a gust of wind blew the curtains aside and I saw this man." (Here she pointed to the prisoner, who crouched in his seat, was grinning ferociously at her.)

"It's a lie!" shouted MacDonag as he straightened himself up.

Episode No. 2, Mack Mack. See this great story Friday night at the Opera House, 2 and 10c.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ THE WEEK AT THE MOVIE ◆  
◆ THEATRES ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ DETECTIVE Wm. J. BURNS ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ Greatest Living Detective in the \$5,000,000 Counterfeiting Plot. A World Feature in 5 Parts at the Opera House Saturday Matinee and Night.

The New York World says editorially, regarding Wm. J. Burns in the \$5,000,000 counterfeiting plot: "It is the moving picture story. With the production of this photograph, depicting the greatest counterfeiting plot in which a detective whose name is a household word plays the principal role, 'The Movies' at last realize their greatest popular attractiveness."

This great production will be presented at the Opera House, Saturday, August 14th, matinee 2 p. m. and night 8 and 10 cents.

The Lane  
"The Lane" a world feature is five reels was presented in a capacity house last Saturday, matinee and night.

The management of the Opera House Theatre was complimented on every hand for securing pictures of this high class.

Mr. Ellis states that it is his intention to run these world features, matinee and night every Saturday and he believes the "movies" loving public will appreciate his efforts in getting these masterpieces.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 2 at 3 o'clock the Daughters of the King met at Mrs. Towle's. An interesting discussion of our study was led by Mrs. Towle. Refreshments were served by the hostess, Miss Edna H. Denson and Mrs. Ella Lombard.

—Reporter